Shekla

by ComT One

Shekla is an earthy woman who lives in a futuristic sci-fi cosmic world full of portals and choices. This is her adventure: some romance, some exploring, some finding herself.

Table of Contents

- Episode 1: Shekla
- Episode 2: Inner Portal No. 2
- Episode 3: Guidance
- Episode 4: ComT's Wishes and Desires
- Episode 5: The Sisterhood's Weave
- Episode 6: The Secret Ritual
- Episode 7: Uniting

Episode 1: Shekla

"He lives in another realm" Shekla thought. "Yet I love him, I know I love him. Most don't get nearly as far. I actually know his name. He's been trying to reach me, and he has, and I've reached him." ComT is his name, his alias. "How does he know that I know? How does he know I'm real and how do I know he is real." She knew everything about him. Everything factual. His height, his skin color, his eye color, his weight. None of that matters, no phenotypical qualities matter except to her. What is her preference? Things change sometimes. It is the inner self, the character and quality of person that truly matters. The gentleness, the inner-strength. She knows his lows and highs. Everything that a woman needs to know, to know for sure that she is destined to be with him and he is destined to be with her.

Crossing over realms is not as simple as one might think. It must be a concerted effort. They know when things occur sometimes, yet it is possible to successfully achieve a complete cross over into the same realm and timescale. A lot of society has to agree, or at least be convinced that is what the woman really wants. It is a woman's decision. She has to know because returning to her first realm takes some effort too.

"He just saw me. How could that be?" It is the senses that we, all of us must trust, we must have faith in. We are interconnected, and we might rely on those we least think we'd ever rely on. It is a world beyond the individual's perception. You might think he or she are the other people, those people that are not connected... yet we are all interconnected. When will we learn to harness this magnificence for the benefit of ourselves and each other? We have to be kind. The sages, the ancients, they gave us wisdom... loving kindness is how we must proceed to everyone beyond ourselves and including ourselves. It is the only way to go from here.

"What should I do!?" she reflected. "Don't think of him, don't think of anyone!" She told herself. He knows somehow. Yet she also knew that he was thinking the same. "Quit! Writing about her! Don't think of her! Just do something else!" It was destined though. "He saw again?" Shekla's sister asked her. "Yes, he actually saw." Shekla told her sister. "Then it is destined. What should we do?" Shekla replied: "Just be ourselves. If it is destined , then let's just do what we do and be ourselves. We have to find a way though, to actually connect. Sure masks are fun, yet they aren't real. Everyone in existence is ready from real. That's where we go from here. We go towards loving-kindness and true realness." She pointed towards the compass. It's red arrow was pointed Easts-North-East. Morality of the East, yet the stepping up, the climbing, the striving towards the mighty North. That is our direction, our

adventure of self-improvement, of bettering ourselves and evolving into better people. We have to all do this together, we, with loving-kindness, have to help one another in achieving this. This is the way we are headed.

"Perfection is imperfection. Just look at nature's plants, curling, and bending, winding, and climbing. Believe me, show me your attempt, your proclamation that something or someone is perfect and I will find that one miniscule detail as to that being false." Shekla thought, yet she was near flawless. A personality with humor and charm, an intellect sharp with wit, a physique described as heavenly, and she genuinely liked people and people, once they got over her so-called perfection found her to be a welcome delight almost anywhere. She wasn't searching for perfection, just her match, her perfect match of imperfection... to be all hers and her to be all his.

Episode 2: Inner Portal No. 2

It wasn't delightful. There was muck, the other people seemed like creatures, like animals. She had a place though that was hers. A tent. She shared it with just her sisters, they kept it tidy (as she did) and it was magical, like some serene desert sands with just enough solitude. The oasis had all the necessities, fresh spring water, lots of palm tree shade from the hot air and Sun. The tent was hidden from the rest of planetary dwellers. A place to be alone or with family, only women and children were allowed in this tent. Everyone respected this rule. There was a sign posted and it was universally legible. A place for the women to regroup. Decorated with strings of hovering lights, dimming as the night progressed.

Shekla decided to travel to her love ComT through the inner portal No.2. There were a series of tunnels that led to the portal entranceways. There is always risk though. She knew he was monitored as well. Could she manage to be in the same visibility, the same timescale? Would they allow this? (Whomever they were.) They seemed to have some logic, and some flexibility. Was she RIGHT enough for him? "Please" Shekla thought "Just let me be with him. He is waiting... I KNOW IT." She got ready for the portal jump. All it would take is one touch, one spoken word, one sight, then their bond would be strengthened amongst each other. She knew his thoughts "I'm going to grab onto your hands and I will hold them for as long as possible when you jump". She wanted this. Then they would know that they were just a little bit more real than before. Thought message: "Anything to give us hope that we are true for each other. We ARE destined to be with each other."

She exited the tent and started towards Portal No.2. Her brother would escort her to the entranceway. There were trusted men who honored and respected the women; Protectors. They arrived and she waited at the entrance. Brother stood guard. She waited and she knew ComT was thinking of her. She jumped to him. It was the right one, she knew it. Yet that wasn't him. Thought message: "That wasn't you". Communication was new between them. "That wasn't me." ComT told her. "I know" She replied. "What happened?" He said. "It wasn't you. What happened to you?" ComT was honest. "I won't say. Bad." "I know" Shekla replied. "They swapped you out" she said. "Where did I go?" ComT asked. "We'll trace, yet you weren't at portal No.2 where you should have been" "How long has this been going on." ComT said. "Is that a statement or a question?" "A statement" ComT replied.

"Something just occurred. I saw a brief glimpse of white, and something was put in my mouth." ComT said. "Was that you?" "No that wasn't" she replied. "Air was then put in my throat" ComT said. "We are tracking this. We know who it is."

There was the "They", yet the "They" aren't good or bad. There is good there. It is complicated. Yet there is a something that has been doing and getting things they shouldn't. It is a noticeable time lapse ComT says. They aren't stealth. It is less seem-less than the legitimate realm portal interactions.

"At least we know that No.2 is not always a portal jump with 100% integrity. Shall we create another portal?" The brothers discussed "No, yet lets track who was monitoring, as well as all entities involved during this most recent portal jump. We'll track from there."

Shekla returned to her tent.

Episode 3: Guidance

He saw me, or someone again. A brief light trail. "That is not right, that cannot be. We haven't had a seer in many millennia." Sister Abileen said. "Oh shush there are seers all over the world!" Replied Shekla. "Not at that frequency." "That is true, ComT's seeing of the higher frequencies are rare." "It's a technological issue though. We are past that spiritual stuff." "We are not past any 'spiritual stuff'... it is all spiritual stuff." Abileen is happy for Shekla. She knows it is true. Yet there are some things to work out.

A Priestly Brother and Sisterly Nun spoke: "It is sanctified and destined to be. Don't they know about the Ancients: Pharaoh or Abimelech? Locational and conscious swaps are the same story. The swappers will have to pay one way or another. We are all connected, and Shekla simply is destined to be with ComT." I say again "SANCTIFIED AND DESTINED TO BE SAYS SHE AND SAYS ALL! IT IS WRITTEN."

Shekla goes to her Abileen for guidance. "It is all unfathomable. It is almost unimaginable. ComT knows though it is all practical. How are we to learn about actual reality's timelines, especially when time could be manipulated. Our modern day is complicated. There is so much progress... we are advanced, highly intelligent people, our human organism is, yet some origins of our modern day are so very ancient. How could I believe that most people in the world have optical contacts, and how do we get around this when it is individual preference to not have such technology, as fascinating as it is." Abileen replies "Trust me, you want those. If you didn't have those then the things that occur, people 'popping up', the actions of those in differing timescales would be hard to manage." "I DON'T WANT OPTICAL CONTACTS, JUST AS COMT DOESN'T." Shekla exclaimed. "Besides, it's outside of our awareness mostly, it is managed by varying frequencies to protect us. This is how you connected with ComT, your vibrations are of similar frequency and led each other to find each other." Abileen replied. "We aren't in the same frequency or timescale or visibility or consciousness yet!" "Closer than you've ever been though!" "This is true Sister Abileen, thank you for your guidance." "You are welcome my sister, I very much enjoy our discussions with each other."

Meanwhile... ComT felt enraged. Another "Misguided Myself" confused as to whom is who. A very slight neurochemical was placed in his coffee from another realm timescale being. "DANG IT! I'LL FINISH MY COFFEE ANYWAYS." Air in the throat, meant to provoke a burp. "Sort of unruly creatures they are. I deserve better." Frustrated yet knows it'll be worth it somehow when he ACTUALLY connects with Shekla. "I have faith... one day it'll work out." he contemplates. ComT thought about what the portals must actually be like. He imagined it being a hole in the ground wide enough to jump through. And where does it go or what happens when you reach the landing? It must be entirely faith based. You just know where the portal is and you just know when the right time is to jump. There must be some guidance telling you where to jump and it must be faith based, believing and knowing that you are actually at a portal. Perhaps you levitate instead of impact when you jump.

This kind of stuff ComT wonders yet he has never experienced such a thing, well not in his actual visual consciousness or alert awareness. When time could be manipulated, the possibilities are infinite. "How though would I maneuver or be maneuvered? Someone whom would maneuver me, I must trust with my life! Yet how will I ever get to know a person like this, or more-so humbly and graciously thank a person like this?"

Episode 4: ComT's Wishes and Desires

"You know my thoughts so well Shekla even though I don't know your name. You know my name. Remember when I told you. I yelled so you would know who I am, so you know our worlds are similar. You know that, while in the spirit of good humor, I border on being truly obsessed in love with you... though I wish you were with me, and if you are... that level of amorous love... I would be so very happy... you would make me so happy being in such strong and real love with me. I think about you constantly... if you were real and on my same planet and able to be with me. I make plans in my imagination how it could go well, very well, I do everything I possibly could do to let you know, between realms, that I have faith in you and care, truly and honestly. I tell myself that if you are or are not real is no matter to me because I have such strong faith that you are real. I believe and I know you believe in true love. I will wait and save myself for you, me being all yours and you being all mine. That would make me happy. Would that make you happy? I would only accept yes and then I'd know we are destined to be with each other and for each other. How could I be a benefit to you though? I am only a man whom is simple. If I were a rich man, I'd buy you the world... yet I am only me... yet you... if I had you I'd be a wealthy man because I know you are a good woman. I know that we will find a way to be together somehow, we will learn to traverse the portals, the cosmic universe and be with each other. We will learn how to communicate, effectively and efficiently with each other as to making sure that each other's needs are always met and cared for and exceeded.

I wish I could learn about you, that I could know you as well as you know me. Your intellect, your spirit, your physical being, all of the above intimately, though most importantly your whole being, your higher being. I wish our spirits could intertwine in the infinite ether of time, weaving our souls together, forming a tapestry of loving kindness to feed our souls with, yet more importantly nurturing and giving to beyond ourselves. Our foundation of love, decent love, providing the nurturing, shelter and needs for much more than just us... much beyond ourselves... interplanetary... inter-consciousness... inter-dimensionally... inter-realm... giving and giving and always giving.

We will know each other inside and outside, every fiber of our being, seen and unseen... trusting each other and knowing each other, constantly revealing ourselves to each other, unfolding our truest, most honest selves to each other... giving our story of love to the worlds beyond ourselves... all based off of faith that we each are there and destined to be with each other, which we are.

Everything we do, every action we take, every step of improvement is for each other, motivated by each other and our desire to climb high, step after step perfecting our love for each other in the infinite imperfection of reality. We will, and are, creating the reality that we both function optimally in... you helping me and (just, if not more importantly) me helping you.

I already am so humbled that you are even a slight possibility... that I will always remember my alone-ness that I once had before you. In remembering this, I know that you are to be honored and I shall be appreciative always of you... forgiving when need be... waiting for your forgiveness if ever need be... listening for your calming words, waiting for you always. Will you wait for me?

I already know we will, one day, someday, somehow create something great, fantastic, magical between us.

I wish you to be happy, genuinely, healthy in every way, to feel loved and accepted as a person always. I wish you experience the peaceful, loving-kindness that we give forth, inspired by each other. I wish our (interdimensional) interaction is as much and more of a benefit to you than it is of me. I wish that you know and feel that I love you and will always love you, always honoring and respecting your individual preferences."

Episode 5: The Sisterhood's Weave

Shekla had many many sisters. In fact, Shekla considers every female person to be her sister. Every phenotype, size, shape, color of woman, is her sister. This is Shekla's perspective, her way of being and interacting with the world, and the women, the magnificent presence that they were, were something truly magical to behold. Their movements were a dance. Lucky it be for any man to know about such things, or to be near such a presence of the infinite prayer wound into manifestation amongst people and the planet Shekla was on.

The dance of the women is engrained in the ether and memory of time and space. The Sisterhood's dance was not a planned or scheduled or coordinated activity. It was life itself weaving through life, creating. The dance was recorded beyond all awareness or consciousness. Perhaps it was recorded in the infinite hairs of the Almighty. The dance was something to revere.

Not all women participating were aware that they were weaving on such an intergalactic scale beyond where many choose not to go, yet they were all included - every woman in existence.

Years ago the kind and gentle intuition of females saved the human species, and their weaves became stronger and more complicated, yet they've always been weaving into the ether of beyond.

The dance, the dance, is, is, a song, a song.

The movements could be actions, it be locational documentation of words, thoughts, deeds, it could be broadcast way beyond any space or time at all. No one knows... it just is something MAGICAL!

Shekina, being otherworldly jumped through the portal and continued her dance. She arrived in outer space. She placed a flower somewhere, wherever she was. It didn't need much water, or light like a Jericho Rose, though of an even more magnificent beauty. The weave started. She teleported back to her domain, her planet. The Rose was left there, though, in outer space and another Sister teleporter somehow knew it was there. The Sister jumped into the portal. She wove through, in, out, over, under, and found the flower. She grabbed it, took it. Brought it with her to her planet. This was one weave they did amongst themselves, the women. Over, under, over, under, in, out, in, out. The sister placed the Rose in water. It drank and was nourished. It was given light. It was nourished. The sister's handed this flower from one sister to another until the flower found a home. The sister jumped through with the flower and placed it where the portal to her. She teleported to a beach, there was a vase on a side table with a reclining wooden beach chair just next to the table. It was a warm summer day at the beach. The skies and water were clear, warm, and calm. Sister placed the flower in the vase. This was the flower's new home.

In the nearby beach-side house on this coastline lived a widow. She had experienced much life, yet had much, much more to experience. She found the Rose and smelled it. "How nice!" She thought. This was another weave in the Sister's dance. The widow knew it was meant for her. A sign of rebirth.

Shekla weaved in and out of portals doing loving kind deeds for people... for her Sisters, for her brothers, and all the while she kept in mind ComT, who was, just like her, thinking of his love. They eagerly awaited each other, yearning as time continued forth. Somehow they knew they've be together, yet they hadn't experienced each other in the same awareness, timescale, or consciousness. They knew they could send each other thought messages... signaling, and communicating with each other and they both were eagerly awaiting the moment when they could weave their story into the ether of time and space.

Episode 6: The Secret Ritual

In the middle of the night Shekla awoke from her sleep. She had been dreaming and thinking of Sister Abileen. She stood and went to the kitchen to get a drink of water. She heard a noise down a portal tunnel. There was a shadow from a fire and priests chanting. She decided to take a look. She walked down the tunnel. There were three priests in their vestments who were gathered around a fire. They were chanting and seemed to be in some ecstatic trance, chanting and chanting. One priest threw something into the fire and the fire roared and flamed up high. Should she have been watching this? A priest then raised his hands in the air and spoke sacred sounding words. He held a bird in his hands and raised his hands. He let go of the bird and it flew away.

She all of a sudden felt panic. She shouldn't have been there. She felt anxious. The priests looked at her. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" They yelled. She got scared and ran away. She went back to her tent and thought "They saw that someone was there watching yet they didn't know who it was." She was safe and calm now that she was back in her tent. What was the ritual that they were preforming? Shekla returned to bed and fell asleep.

During her sleep she dreamed of the priestly ritual. The priests were encircled around the fire chanting, yet this time they were letting go many birds. One bird after another the priests would raise their hands and the birds flew away. They were chanting. "Om baba un ohmmmm filis deeeooooooooo Omm Ommm AHHHDEEE OOOHHHmaaa Ommmm Baaaaaa baaaaa!" They again, just like in real life looked at her, yet it was even scarier. All three of their voices echoed "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" "WHAT ARE YOU DOING" She didn't know what to do. There was a tiger that jumped out before the priests looking at Shekla. Hiss! Chanting... chanting as they drew nearer to her. "Ummmm Baaaa Baaaaaa" They were walking towards her. The tiger was showing its teeth and hissing. She couldn't run. It was as if she was frozen in her dream! "Please!" She told herself "Wake up! Wake up!" Yet she couldn't. They came closer to her. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" She tried yet she couldn't wake up. She screamed. She awoke. Did she actually scream?

Sister Abileen was in the same tent. "Are you okay?" She said to Shekla. Shekla replied "Yes, I had a dream about what I saw earlier. When I awoke earlier tonight and I went and got a drink of water, yet there was a light and I followed it and I saw the priests and they were preforming a ritual. I went back to sleep and had a dream. They saw me and approached me with a tiger." Abileen said "Oh, Sister, relax sister it was only a dream. They preform those rituals every night. That is just the priests praying. Want to go with me now, we could go see and find out if they are still preforming the ritual? We'll be quiet, they'll never know that we will be watching." "Yes, let's go!" Shekla said.

So Shekla and Abileen went and sneakily looked at the priests preforming their

ritual. "SHHH!!! QUIET!!!" Abileen told Shekla "I often sneakily watch them preforming their ritual. They do this every night!" The priests were the trusted men who always act with integrity in their actions. Truly holy men. The women were comforted in their discussion. They became thankful that there are priests in the world, a type of spiritual protection and guidance. Shekla and Abileen increased their Sisterly bond with each other through the experience of watching the priests preform their ritual. They discussed what the purpose is of such things. They discussed the world and realized they have each other as Sisters.

It was this night that Shekla realized there was a spiritual ebb and flow in the world. The mean earnestly and honestly prayed, asking, with faith for guidance from the Almighty Infinite Omnipotent All Knowing.

It was tonight that Shekla realized that it is worth it to act with character and loving kindness always, and it is worth having faith knowing that there is much more to life than what it seems.

Episode 7: Uniting

Attempt and attempt lead to Shekla being able to connect with ComT yet they were not both in the same timescale or visual awareness or consciousness.

"What more do you want!? I am here for you, ComT, and we are interacting, I am able to touch you and talk to your projection." Thought Shekla. Yet she knew they were still in differing frequencies.

"We both know Shekla" ComT sent a thought to her "that until we are both in the same frequency, timescale, space realm, conscious awareness, that some parts of ourselves are not truly going to be convinced that this is real!"

"Have faith" She thought.

Sure it was more connection that had ever been, yet it wasn't REAL. The realness was separated by technology, and they both knew that the capabilities to be in the same timescale and awareness is possible, very possible and occurs all the time!

"I would like to feel you to know that you are real, to know who I am feeling and more importantly... I would like to get to know who you really are. If you go to know the real me... not the projected, masked simulation of me... would we REALLY love each other? We have to ask this, as love is intimate. Love should be the interweaving of the selves, the spiritual selves in complete honesty with each other."

Shekla agreed.

ComT told her "I do have faith and I know you've real, yet what I am asking for, what we both would like, is more than possible."

Shekla replied "There are technological issues though... monitoring and what occurs when a being from my real is in your visual awareness? Let's keep our love secret so we could make it last... forever... let's take this slow... very slow and let our love unravel millennia after millennia."

ComT understood... yet it seems silly to wait. It is sanctified, so whomever finds out about them... it wouldn't matter. She is his and he is hers.

The decision is Sheklas and ComT has faith in her.

"You'll know when it's right Shekla... I trust in you. I have complete faith in you... yet I will yearn for you every nanosecond we are away from each other."

They both waited. ComT has absolute faith in Shekla's intuition. "She will know when it's right" he thought.

The waited and waited. Things went as usual, yet Shekla tested ComT's consciousness states.

When is the best time to reveal, to unite? During the night, during sleep?

ComT felt as if he got glimpses into them being an actual reality. It provoked more yearning, wishing, waiting.

"How could I help!? When will we know, so we could finally be together and start out life together in the same consciousness. That is when it really begins! We are just weaving the outer layer of our fabric of love. We start the real weaving when we actually start to get to know and reveal our real selves!" ComT thought.

Shekla knew he was right, that this was true. Their journey of love will start when they physically connect in the same frequency and realm of conscious awareness.

And then one day it occurred. ComT was doing what he usually did, stayed busy doing this and that... work here... work there... and he didn't expect anything to occur, yet it did. Shekla touched his hands. He wasn't sure what it was. It was a feeling in the palm of his hand and on his fingers. He immediately realized who it is. He closed his hands trying to grasp on to her, and when he closed his hands, he hands were there in his hands. It was only feeling... touch. Yet this was a real start. They held each others hands yet she didn't appear to be there visually! How could this be!?

She sent him a thought "This is so that you know I am real and that we are able to unite through touch. You can't see me now, yet I will reveal myself, my physical manifestation eventually. I will always be with you... we are united with each other."